

Thank You by **LlueveEnMiCorazon**

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Summary: She needed this. They needed this. They've been through a lot, more than any of them could ever imagine.

Thank You

The warm feeling of her thighs around his ears were doing to him more than any other feeling could ever do. He had his lips clamped around her clit, her legs spasmed once more right before her back arched. One hand on her tiny, perk breast, the other one, on her belly, trying to keep her steady. He kept his eyes open so he could remember every little detail of her naked body. She was petit, her breasts weren't even a handful, she owned a fine patch of pubic hair. One more flick of his tongue over her clit and he watched as his lover succumbed to the power of his wise tongue.

She needed this. They needed this. They've been through a lot, more than any of them could ever imagine. She fought, she got hurt, she saw him get hurt, she killed. He knew that wasn't enough, but he was trying, he could watch the pleasure on her slightly opened mouth, lips swollen from self biting, one hand on her breast, she loved this feeling because they were too sensitive, the other hand on his hair locks caressing his head like a gratitude, *thanks for this*, she felt that feeling building and she sat up so she could watch his reactions.

Messy hair, flushed cheeks, wet lips, kissing wet lips. That sounded about right.

Before that, heading to her bedroom, his hands everywhere over her body, it was like both knew what was ahead, and they did. Clothes off too fast, his lips on her mouth, her neck, her left breast, right breast, belly, and then, finally.

Every scar were healed just like every worry and angst. *thank you* it wasn't verbalized, their locked eyes screamed that for each other.

Her hips involuntary rocked on his face as she came, like it was meant to be. He kissed her left inner thigh, endless kisses of adoration, gratitude. *thank you*.